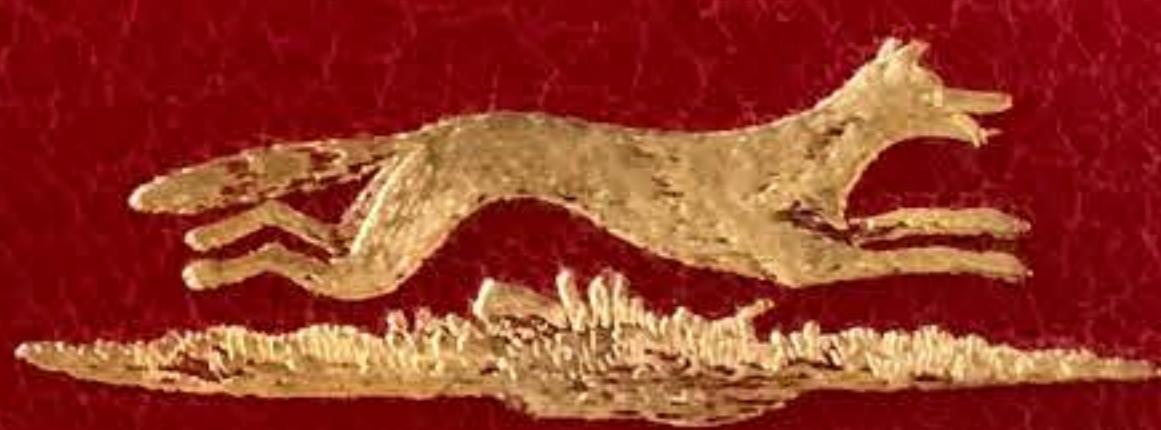


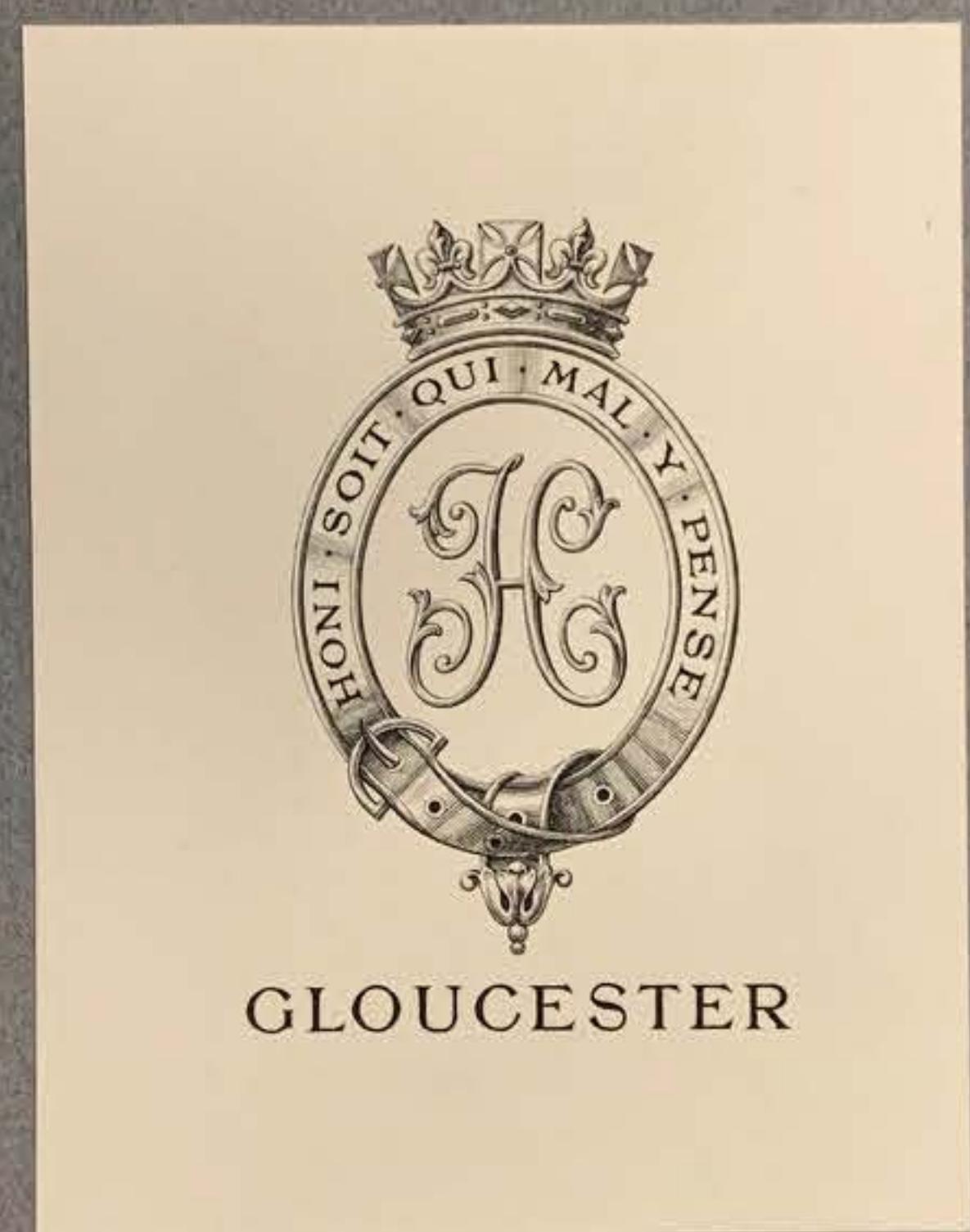
HUNTING
SONGS

THE HODGSON MANUSCRIPT
OF
D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL
BY
JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES

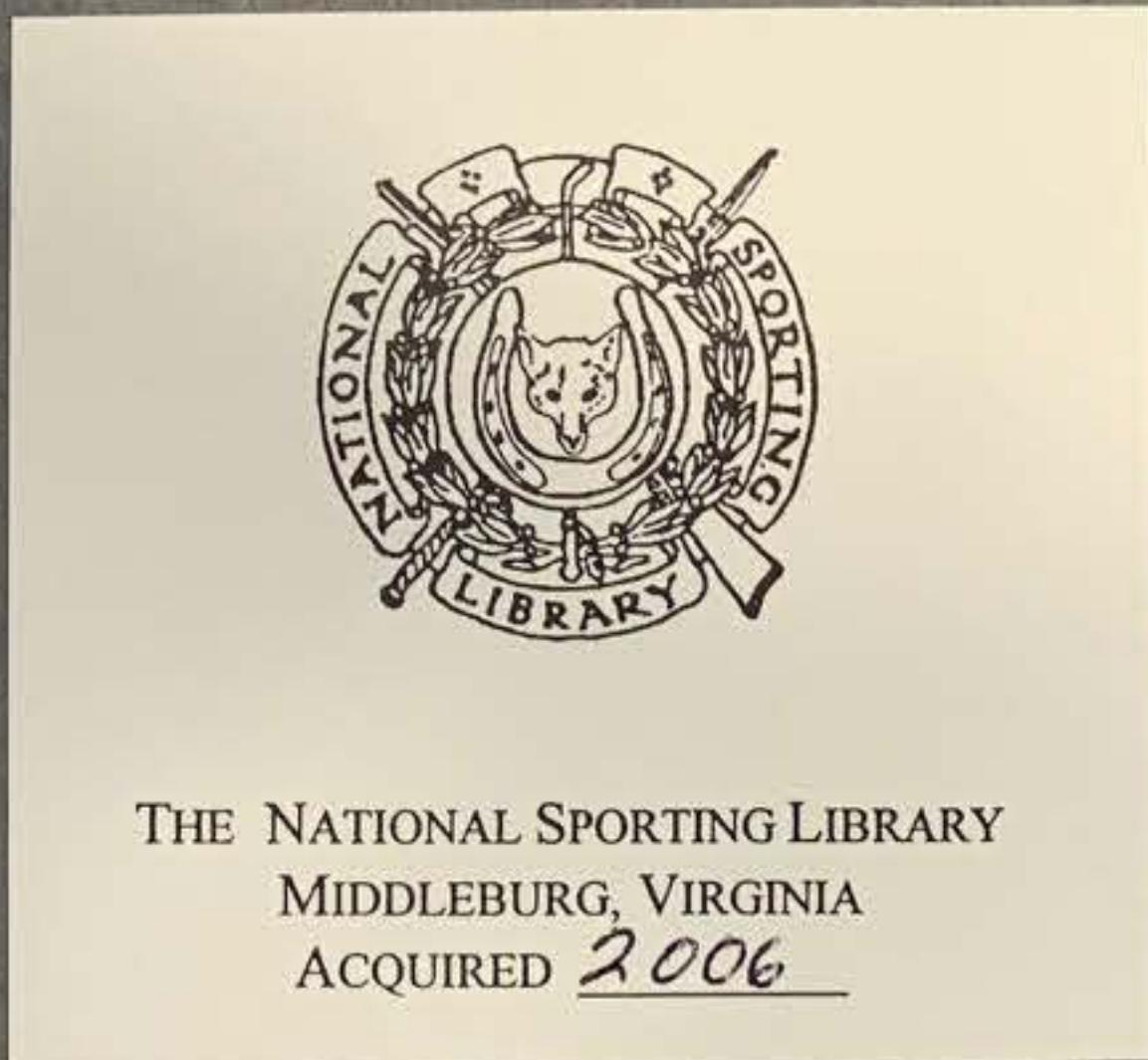


MANUSCRIPT OF
GO HARK!
BY
CHARLES KINGSLEY





GLoucester



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"D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL".

By

John Woodcock Graves.

[Transcript of the famous hunting song from the author's own manuscript herewith (the Hodgson MS.), written, as he says in his postscript, "as near as I remember the vernacular of Caldbeck but a Westmorland Gent can anglicise it at will". This manuscript was done by Graves, after he had emigrated to Tasmania, for the Hon. Wm. Hodgson, M.L.C., as recorded on the reverse of it (see essay also bound in). The MS., showing the song as originally sung by Graves and his crony John Peel, has many interesting variations from the subsequently anglicised and popular versions. For example, "coat so gay" is the now usual ending of the first line. But the greycoat is the traditional costume of the Cumberland yeoman (see Oxford Dictionary); and Graves would use the old spelling "gray".]

W.P.

John Peel.

Did ye ken John Peel in his cwot seay gray,
Did ye ken John Peel at the breck o the day,
Did ye ken John Peel ganging far - far away,
Wid his hounds an his horn in a mwornin?

Chorus

For the sound o the horn caw'd me fra my bed,
An the cry o the hounds me oft times led,
For Peel's view hollo wad waken the dead,
Or a fox fra his lair in a mwornin.

Did ye ken that bitch wheas tongue was death,
Or ken her sons of peerless faith,
Did ye ken that a fox wid his last breath,
Curs'd them O as he died in a mwornin?

Chorus

Yes I kennd John Peel and awl Ruby too,
Ranter and Royal an Bellman as true,
Fra the drag to the chess fra the chess to the view
Fra the view to the death in a mwornin.

Chorus.

An av follot John Peel beath oft an far,
Ower menny a yett an toplin bar,
Fra low denton holme up to scratchmer scar,
Wen we struggled for the brush in a mwornin.

Chorus

Then here's to Peel with heart an my soul
Come fill O! fill to him another bowl
An lets follow John Peel tro' fair an fowl
Wheyle we're wak'd by his horn in a mwornin.

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES.

John Peel

Did ye ken John Peel in his ~~owot~~ ^{owot} seay gray,
Did ye ken John Peel at the break o' the day,
Did ye ken John Peel gaing far-far away,
wid his horses ~~are~~ ^{is} his horn in a mowrin?

Chorus

For the sound o' the horn caid me fo my bed,
an the cry o' the hounds me oftentimes led,
Thee Peel, ^{as} ~~view~~ hollo wad waken the dead,
or a fox fra his lair ~~in~~ ^{is} a mowrin.

Did ye ken that bitch whose tongue was death,
or ken her sons of fewler's faith,
Did ye ken that a fox wid his last breath,
Curs'd them ^{as} ~~off~~ ^{as he died} in a mowrin?

Yes I kennd John Peel an awl sturdy too,

Ranter an Royal an Bellman ^{as} true.

Fra the drag to the chess fra the chess to the view
Fra the view to the death in a mowrin.

Chorus

An awfull John Peel death oft an far,
over many a yell an toplin bear,
Fra low dinton hame up to scratchmer seat,
when we struggled for the brush in a mowrin.

Chorus

^{my}

Then hies to Peel with heart an soul
Come fill o' fill to him ^{another} ~~the~~ bowl.

An follow John Peel tro' fair an foul
when we're wakid by his horn in a mowrin.

Chorus

^{John Woodcock} ~~comes~~

P.S. as near as I remember the vernacular of Cumbrik has a
Westmorland accent conning like it at will J. W. G.

"D'ye ken John Peel"

Concerning the Author and his own version
of the famous song as in the
Hodgson MS. herewith.

One winter's evening, just over 100 years ago, two strapping men were seated in a snug parlour at Caldbeck among the Cumbrian mountains. They were John Peel, the huntsman of deathless fame, and John Woodcock Graves, the man who immortalized him in a deathless song. "We were then," Graves afterwards recalled, "both in the hey-day of manhood, and hunters of the olden fashion; meeting the night before to arrange earth-stopping, and in the morning to take the best part of the hunt - the drag over the mountains in the mist - while fashionable hunters still lay in the blankets." Tankards had doubtless been refilled in that cosy room....the two men were enjoying the anticipation of next morning's run....when Graves seized pen and paper, and scribbled some words to "a very old rant" which he heard being hummed upstairs over the cradle of his ~~oldest boy~~
firstborn son

Peel was much affected when his crony sang the words to him - as well he might be, for they were the words of D'Ye ken John Peel? And Graves added the inspired prophecy: "By jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both "run to earth". But the words he wrote on that eventful evening were not exactly those that are sung from the Waddon Chase to China: and the tune he sang them to was not that which every night, somewhere or other, is carried by the world's ether.

They were two for a pair - John Peel and John Woodcock Graves: each more of the hero when ~~hunting~~^{mounted} than at other times. But even the legendary Gods doubtless had their off days. The author of John Peel admitted that there was little to say about his hero except for his marvellous skill as a huntsman. By contrast, Graves himself, out of the saddle, was a strange and remarkable character. He was born on the 9th February, 1795, the son of an ironmonger or glazier living at Wigton, Cumberland; and at his christening there was used for him the same mantle as had enwrapped Count Henry Jerome de Salis - a circumstance carefully reiterated by every biographer without any explanation of its significance. When John was seven, his father died; but he did not witness the funeral because, as he said, "I was

off at the time playing at marbles with my cousin".

At 14 he was apprenticed to an uncle; who was a sign-painter, and who with his wife kept a "bathing-hotel" at Skinburness on the North Cumberland coast. Young Graves was soon in the saddle - an ardent follower of the hounds of one Joseph Steele, Esq. An acquaintance, Joseph Faulder, inspired him with artistic and other ambitions; and, among later efforts, he did a portrait of Peel that the artist's family ^{considered} ~~thought~~ was a poor likeness. He married at twenty-one, and was a widower within a year. Five years later, when a woollen manufacturer at Caldbeck, he was once more wedded - to a Miss Porthouse; whom he had known from childhood, and by whom he had eight children.

What with hunting in the "mwornins", and pleasant evenings in the snug parlour with Peel, John Woodcock Graves seemed to be as settled in life as old Margery. But a Mr. Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham) and a friend, knowing Graves's cleverness at mechanics and his love of enterprise, came on the scene, with temptations to speculate in a coal mine. Both John's interest in the wool business and his savings disappeared with the slipperiness of an auld fox gone to earth. Ever a violent-tempered man, he quarrelled with his manager; there were blows and a law case; and in 1833 (only a few months after John Peel had been immortalized in the song) the headstrong Graves drained a last tankard with his hero....packed up....and sailed for the convict settlement of Van Diemen's Land - and new fortunes.

It is here that, in this bibliographical "run", we begin to pick up the scent. The right kind of fortunes were not waiting at the harbour for the immigrant and his family. Indeed, on the first night of arrival, their house was broken into by convicts; and for a long time Graves had little employment or none at all. After a hand-to-mouth existence he obtained newspaper work; in the course of which he protested fiercely against the cruelties inflicted on the convicts: and he quarrelled also with the authorities because their allotment of free-land to him was not up to promise. He used threats; and they, thinking him mad, used force - shutting him up in a lunatic asylum. Now comes the second famous episode of his career.

Finding that one of the visiting justices was also a keen hunter, Graves procured, through him, paint and brushes; with which he was to follow up his artistic inclinations by decorating the wall of the asylum yard with a fresco depicting

a kangaroo-hunt. He painted the hounds in full cry, with the justice himself leading the field. Splendid! But there must be a sky; and to put in a sky he must have a ladder. So a ladder was brought....and Graves, as soon as he found himself alone, was over wall and "sky" together with one leap - never again to return to captivity.

wandering

Graves next spent three years in New Zealand and Australia, leaving his wife and family to fend for themselves - which they did, bravely and successfully. When at length he settled down (his wife died in 1858), and his children were scattered and in good careers (one son became a barrister), the old exile was a lonely, self-centred, reserved man - fond of his hounds, and quite happy if he had beside him books, chemicals, mathematical instruments, and model machinery, to occupy his inventive abilities. He died on the 17th August, 1886, after the long run of 91 years, his "earth", as he would describe it, being alongside the River Derwent that runs beneath Mount Wellington, Tasmania.

This sketch of his career is a prelude to some new notes about D'Ye ken John Peel, as it is now entitled. The song seems to have passed from lips to lips from the night of its conception in that parlour at Caldbeck; and it appears equally certain that its fame followed Graves to Van Dieman's Land. In his later years his family, annoyed by the getting-up of a subscription for him by English admirers, made him an allowance; and some years before his death, when it was thought in Cumberland that he was in want, a Mr. Iredale of Dalston had £100 sent out to him. Anyway, according to Canon Rawnsley - who did much valuable research in connection with Grave's career - the author of the song, when at Hobart in 1882 (he would then have been 87), corrected a version of John Peel.

The present writer has in his possession an original manuscript of the song on a large quarto sheet, in the handwriting of Graves and signed by him. It was done for "the Hon. Wm. Hodgson, M.L.C., Tasmania", this inscription being initialled "J.W.G." on the reverse side of the sheet. Graves's handwriting throughout, while large and bold, is evidently that of an elderly man; and ~~probably~~^{her/his} this is the corrected version referred to by Canon Rawnsley. Be that as it may, this holograph MS. done for the Hon. Wm. Hodgson is extremely interesting; because, below the song and his full signature,

Graves has added this note:

"P.S. as near as I remember the vernacular
of Caldbeck but a Westmorland Gent can
anglicise it at will. J.W.G."

The song as thus written by Graves (the HODGSON MANUSCRIPT) differs considerably from that reproduced in facsimile, with other variants, by Mr. Hugh Machell in his book John Peel. Mr. Machell incidentally transcribed the last words of the first line "cwote sae grey" - although in the Hodgson Manuscript "grey" is written "gray", as it would certainly have been spelt in those days.

In fact, D'Ye ken John Peel is like most of the old ballads in having had several variants until a final version was fixed upon. But in the MS. facsimiled in Mr. Machell's book, the song is not in the handwriting of Graves, although it bears his notes commenting on the version; whereas in the Hodgson Manuscript the song has been written by the author who was, as his postscript testifies, concerned to give it in the original vernacular. There are three other manuscript copies in Grave's hand that are (or were) in the possession of the Earl of Lonsdale, Mr. H.W. Bernard, and the Keswick Museum.

But, leaving the chase of these variants, here is an exact reproduction of the Hodgson version, printed for the first time from the manuscript as written in his lonely exile by the author:-

John Peel.

Did ye ken John Peel in his cwot seay gray,
Did ye ken John Peel at the breck o the day,
Did ye ken John Peel ganging far - far away,
Wid his hounds an his horn in a mwornin?

Chorus.

For the sound o the horn caw'd me fra my bed,
An the cry o the hounds me oft times led,
For Peel's view hollo wad waken the dead,
Or a fox fra his lair in a mwornin.

Did ye ken that bitch wheas tongue was death,
Or ken her sons of peerless faith,
Did ye ken that a fox wid his last breath,
Curs'd them O as he died in a mwornin?

Chorus.

Yes I kennd John Peel and awl Ruby too,
Ranter and Royal an Bellman as true,
Fra the drag to the chess fra the chess to the view
Fra the view to the death in a mwornin.

Chorus.

An av follot John Peel beath oft an far,
Ower menny a yett an toplin bar,
Fra low denton holme up to scratchmer scar,
Wen we struggled for the brush in a mwornin.

Chorus.

Then here's to Peel with heart an my soul
Come fill O! fill to him another bowl
An let's follow John Peel tro' fair an fowl
Wheyle we're wak'd by his horn in a mwornin.

Chorus

John Woodcock Graves.

[Chess = chase. Ranter, Royal, & Bellman = Peel's
favourite dogs.]

This is how some "Gents" have anglicized the famous song
(other popular versions have minor variations - e.g., "coat so
gay" in the first line):-

JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Chorus.

'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view hallo would waken the dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

-----o-----

D'ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cors'd them all as he died in the morning?

[Chorus]

-----o-----

Yes, I ken John Peel, and auld Ruby too, -
Ranter and Royal, and Bellman true;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.

[Chorus]

-----o-----

And I've followed John Peel both often and far,
O'er the rasper fence, and the gate, and the bar,
From Low Denton Holme to Scratchmere Scar,
When he vied for the brush in the morning.

[Chorus]

-----o-----

Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
Come fill to him another ^{strong} bowl,
And we'll follow John Peel through fair and foul
While we're waked by his horn in the morning

[Chorus]

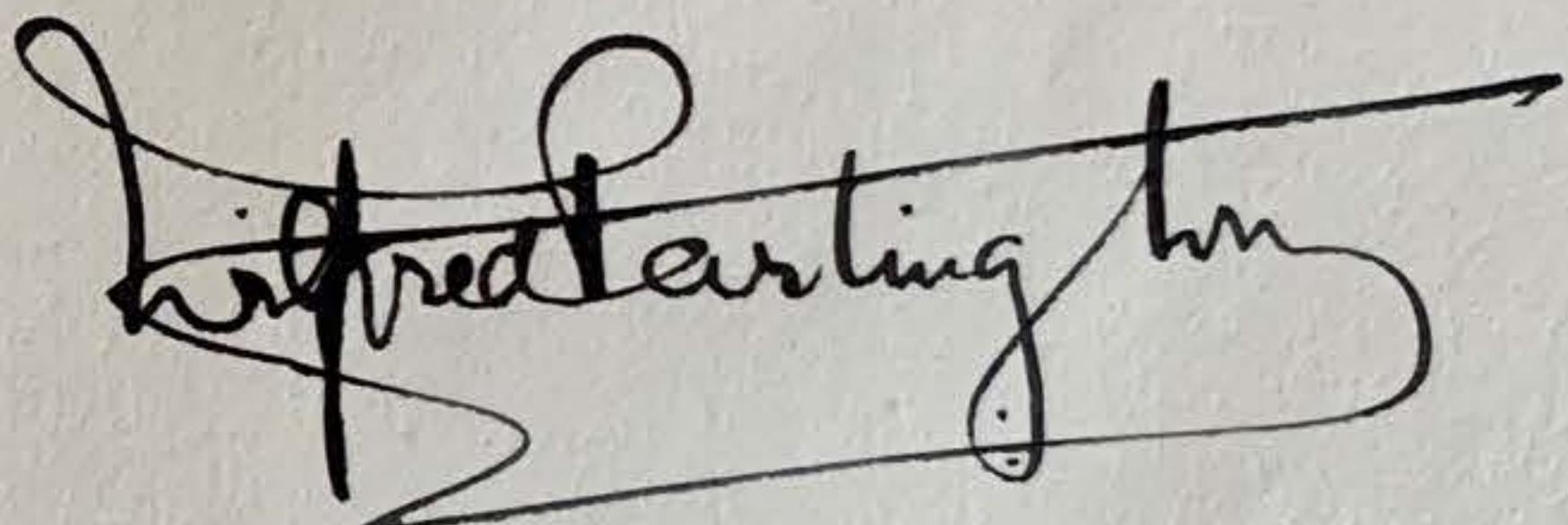
-----o-----

The account of the derivations of the present air of John Peel is confusing. According to Graves, the "auld rant" to which the song was first sung was "Bonnie Annie". It was heard in June 1868 by William Metcalfe (1830 - 1909), chorister of Norwich Cathedral and afterwards lay clerk of Carlisle Cathedral.

It was he who composed the tune now so familiar; using, it is stated, the "Bonnie Annie" air for the verse portion, while reserving the old air for the chorus only - the traditional air being a Scottish one.

There must have been a peculiar streak in the characters of Graves's family. When his brave and patient wife died - she was an educated woman - he wrote this curious comment on their union: "This marriage was the fatal sell of my life, prosperity, happiness and peace. She died in 1858. God be thanked for his mercy." A great-uncle of his was buried with this epitaph: "Here lies the body of John Relph of Heggle Foot who died in the Hopes and Beliefs of one Inconceivable and Incomprehensible God, whilst Specific Religion, under all its Denominations and Novelties serves as a Cloak to many a Crime."

Whatever the hopes and beliefs of John Relph were, there is little question about the incomprehensibility of some mortals - of whom one was surely John Woodcock Graves; who, in an inspired moment in that snug parlour at Caldbeck, secured for John Peel and himself a certain immortality under all "denominations and novelties."

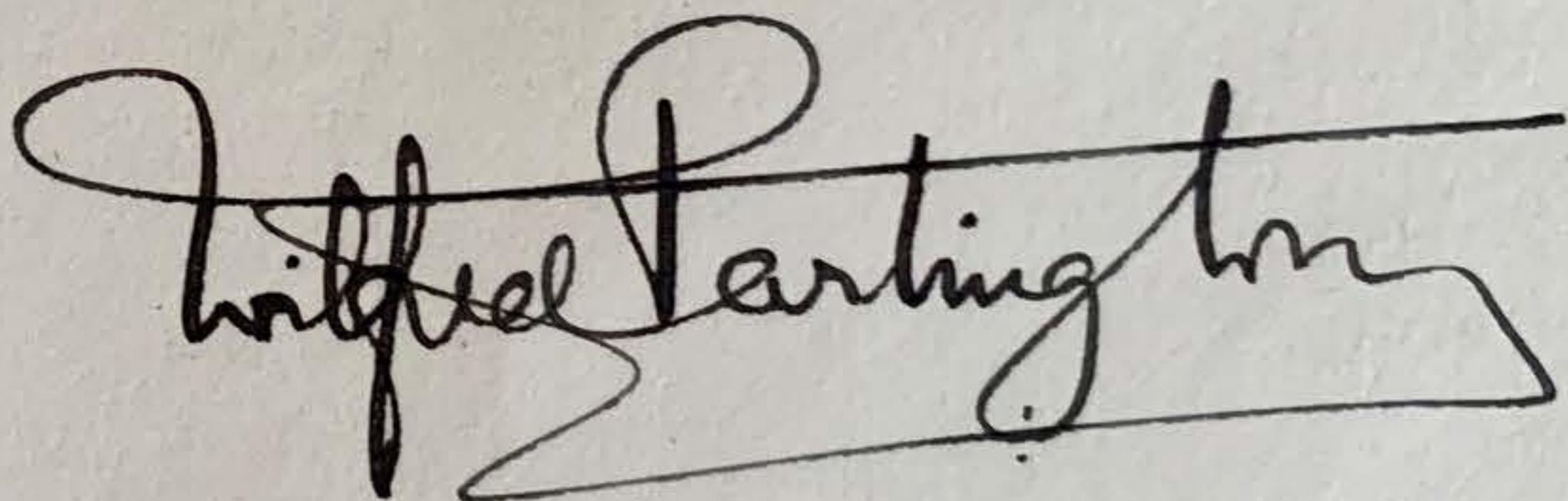
A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Alfred Parling Jr." The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping flourish over the end of the name.

P.S.

Although the manuscript of "Dye Kent John Peel", here preserved, has been in my possession for a long time, it was not until this year (1935) that it occurred to me to write to Tasmania for particulars of the Hon. William Hodgson, one-time member of the legislative Council of Tasmania; for whom John Woodcock Graves wrote this manuscript of his famous song. The response to my effort was the obliging letter from Henry McPherson, Esq., Clerk of the House of Assembly - which letter is inserted following. W.P.

I found this manuscript of CHARLES KINGSLEY'S hunting-song "GO HARK!" in a bandbox full of love-letters to his wife, MSS of other poems, etc, and drafts of sermons. These treasures came to me evidently in exactly the same state as preserved by the author's widow; after whose death they passed into the hands of a well-known book-seller; & then from him to me. The find was briefly described in my contribution "Westward Ho! with Charles Kingsley", that appeared in THE COLOPHON, Part Eleven (New York, 1932).

See further note at end of the typescript copy of the poem.



A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Alfred Hartington". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, stylized 'A' at the beginning. A horizontal line is drawn through the top of the signature, and a rectangular box is drawn around the end of the signature.

Go Hark!

(1)

Yon sound's neither sheep bell or bark:
They're running - they're running, Go Hark!
The sport may be lost by a moment's delay,
So whip up the puppies & scurry sway.

Dash down through the cover by dingle & dell,
There's a gate at the bottom - I know it full well;
And they're running - they're running,
Go Hark!

(2)

They're running - they're running, Go Hark!
One fence, & we're out of the park.

Sit down in your saddles & race at the brook,
Then smash at the bullfinch; no time for a look;
Leave craners & skirters to dangle behind;
He's away for the moors in the teeth of the wind,
And they're running - they're running,
Go Hark!

(3)

They're running - they're running, Go Hark!

Let them run & run on till it's dark!

Well with them we are, & well with them we'll be,
While there's wind in our horses, & daylight to see:

Then shog along homeward, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all night
Of - They're running - they're running,
Go Hark!

[The above is taken from the section "Poems of Early Boyhood",
p. 317, in Charles Kingsley's POEMS (vol. 1 of the works
published by Macmillan). The different way of setting out the
lines, and also the punctuation, compared with the foregoing ^{following}
manuscript draft as written by Kingsley, will be noted. - W.P.]

1 So Hark.

You soundis neither sheep-bell or bark:
They're running! they're running, So Hark!
The sport may be lost by a moment's delay,
So kick up the puppies, scurry away.
Dash down through the cover, by duyle & dell
There's a gate at the bottom, I know it full well
And they're running, they're running, So Hark!

2

They're running, they're running, So Hark!
The frace, I here's out on the park.

Set
Then down in your saddles, & race at the brook
^{They} ~~start~~ start at the bullfinch; no time for a look.
Leave cranes & skirted to ~~race~~ ^{dash} ~~at the wind~~ ^{behind}
He's away for the moors, in the teeth of the wind.
And they're running, they're running, So Hark!

3

They're running, they're running, So Hark!
Let them run, I run on till it's dark!
~~With~~ ^{With} ~~With~~ ^{With} them we are, ~~lose~~ ^{lose} ~~lose~~ ^{lose} with them we'll be.
While ~~they~~ ^{they} is rid in our horses, I day light to see:
Then I go along horseward, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all night
of - They're running, they're running, So Hark!

3

Dec. 30/50

Dear Sir
Plains -

I have no time to write
out poetry: but send me auto-
graph, if it be of use.

Believe me Dear Sir
Yours truly

Kingsley

Oh ape of the forest, and
moke of the moor,

I shall want you to learn how
to swim, Sir, be sure.

He who can't is an useless
and dangerous ninny,

So I'll gladly subscribe to
the tune of One Guinea.

C.K.

Two Holograph Letters by Charles
Kingsley; whose manuscript of the
hunting song "Go Hark!" is bound
earlier in this volume. The playful
letter in rhyme below is his reply
to a request to pay a subscription
- probably for one of his sons.

*Charles Kingsley
Worthing
December*

Oh ape of the forest,
I moke of the moor,
I shall want you to
learn how to swim
Sir, be sure.

He who can't is an
useless & dangerous
nunny;

So

13
Grosvenor Rectory
Linchfield

Dec. 30/60

Dear Sir

Plainly —

I have no time to write
out poetry: but send us auto-
graph, if it be of use.

Believe me Dear Sir

Very truly

Ruskin

Ewesley

Cheslegh Rectory

Winclefield

Sunday

Th' aped the frost,
I woke of the snow,
I shall want you to
teach how to swim
Sir, be sure.

He who can't see an
asleep & dangerous
thing;

So

anno facti galerae 9
1555

do Ie gladly subscribe
to the cause of the
poor

From "The Cumberland News"

19 April 1930

OBITUARY.

JOHN PEEL'S LAST MALE DESCENDANT.

RODE ON "DOBBY."

Mr George Peel, the last surviving male descendant of the famous huntsman, John Peel, died at Keswick on Sunday in his 89th year. He was the youngest son of Mr Jonathan Peel, the second son of John Peel, and was born at the farm at Ruthwaite, Caldbeck, which his father took over when his father, the John Peel, died. He served his time with his brother, who was a draper at Carlisle, and carried on the business there after his brother died. Then he went to Liverpool to work for Mr Stafford Jackson, veterinary surgeon, and became his head man and served him for thirty years.

13 April
1930

Dawlish. *Dauney 25/6/33.*

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN PEEL."

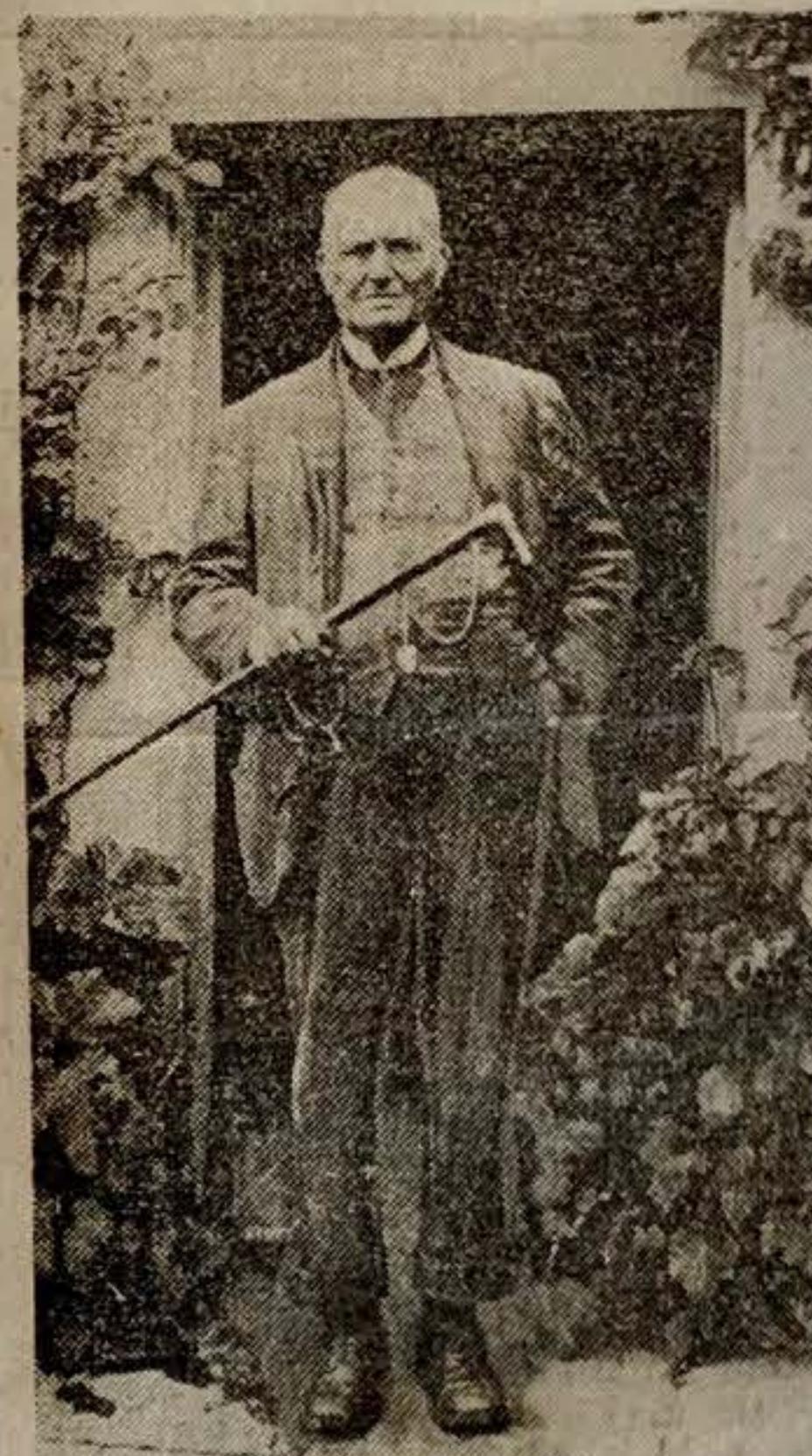
Sir.—In a reference to the decision made by the Cumberland and Westmorland Associations of Great Britain and Overseas, at their annual conference at Birmingham on Whit-Monday, to commemorate at Caldbeck, by the erection of a stone shelter, the connection of John Peel, the hero of the famous song, "D'ye Ken John Peel," John Woodcock Graves, the author of the song, and William Metcalfe, the Carlisle organist who arranged the tune, Caldbeck was mentioned as the burial place of Graves. He was born at Caldbeck, but his remains lie in Hobart Cemetery, Tasmania, to which place he emigrated, and steps have been taken for his grave to be cared for. John Peel is buried in Caldbeck churchyard. Originally dinned over to the air allotted to the refrain, in 1868 the tune as it now exists was composed by William Metcalfe from the basis of the original Scottish rant, "Bonnie Annie," and is known the world over. It became popular through Mr. Metcalfe being invited to sing the song to his new tune at the annual dinner of the Cumberland Benevolent Institution in London (founded 1734) in 1869; the song had scarcely been heard of before. It is intended that the shelter to be erected shall bear memorial tablets to the three men concerned with the song.

The Conference also decided to honour the memory of another Lakeland worthy, the poet Wordsworth, by placing annually a wreath upon his grave in Grasmere churchyard.

It may be of interest, too, to note that this year the twenty-odd affiliated Cumberland and Westmorland Associations will recognise the centenary of the Cumberland bard, Robert Anderson, who wrote numerous well-known ballads, including "The Codbeck Wedding," "Bleekhell Merrie Neet," and "Cannie Auld Cummerlan," the refrain of the last-named ending, "Cannie auld Cummerlan' bangs them aw still." An endeavour will be made to have a special gathering in Carlisle in this connection, in addition to the ballads of Anderson being sung at one of the social gatherings next winter of the various affiliated societies.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. MAUGHAM.

1, The Park, Forest Hill, S.E.23.



Twelve years ago Mr Peel retired and went to live with Mrs Jones, 5 Catherine Terrace, Keswick. He had enjoyed fairly good health until quite recently, but suffered from deafness. He married Miss Greenup, of Upton-on-Howe, Caldbeck, but there were no children of the marriage.

Mr Peel remembers hunting with his illustrious grandfather, and one of his earliest recollections was of his grandfather taking him in front of him hunting on his famous pony Dobby, and of long day hunts.

Mr Peel had all the hunting relics of his famous grandfather, but disposed of them to Lady Baxter, Ashness, and only retained a presentation tray inlaid with mother of pearl given to his grandfather.

It will be remembered that Mr Peel made a spirited retort to the Vicar of Caldbeck when he criticised John Peel, and to the stories of his drunkenness and profligacy about the time of the centenary last October. Unfortunately Mr Peel was not strong enough to attend that centenary, which was celebrated at Caldbeck.

Dawlish. Observed 25/6/33.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN PEEL."

Sir,—In a reference to the decision made by the Cumberland and Westmorland Associations of Great Britain and Overseas, at their annual conference at Birmingham on Whit-Monday, to commemorate at Caldbeck, by the erection of a stone shelter, the connection of John Peel, the hero of the famous song, "D'ye Ken John Peel," John Woodcock Graves, the author of the song, and William Metcalfe, the Carlisle organist who arranged the tune, Caldbeck was mentioned as the burial place of Graves. He was born at Caldbeck, but his remains lie in Hobart Cemetery, Tasmania, to which place he emigrated, and steps have been taken for his grave to be cared for. John Peel is buried in Caldbeck churchyard. Originally droned over to the air allotted to the refrain, in 1868 the tune as it now exists was composed by William Metcalfe from the basis of the original Scottish rant, "Bonnie Annie," and is known the world over. It became popular through Mr. Metcalfe being invited to sing the song to his new tune at the annual dinner of the Cumberland Benevolent Institution in London (founded 1734) in 1869; the song had scarcely been heard of before. It is intended that the shelter to be erected shall bear memorial tablets to the three men concerned with the song.

The Conference also decided to honour the memory of another Lakeland worthy, the poet Wordsworth, by placing annually a wreath upon his grave in Grasmere churchyard.

It may be of interest, too, to note that this year the twenty-odd affiliated Cumberland and Westmorland Associations will recognise the centenary of the Cumberland bard, Robert Anderson, who wrote numerous well-known ballads, including "The Codbeck Wedding," "Bleckhell Merrie Neet," and "Cannie Auld Cummerlan," the refrain of the last-named ending, "Cannie auld Cummerlan' bangs them aw still." An endeavour will be made to have a special gathering in Carlisle in this connection, in addition to the ballads of Anderson being sung at one of the social gatherings next winter of the various affiliated societies.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. MAUGHAM.

1, The Park, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

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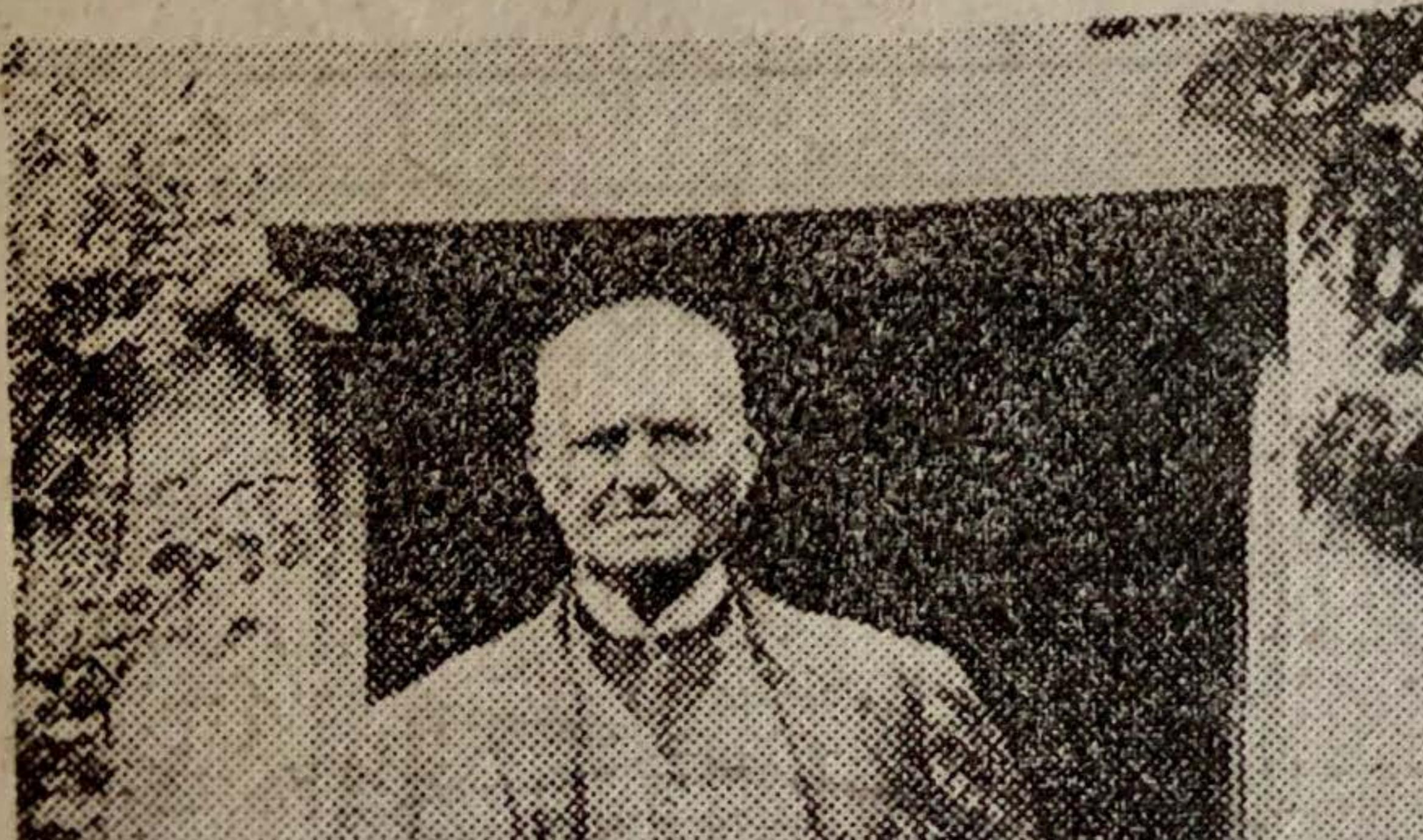
OBITUARY.

JOHN PEEL'S LAST MALE DESCENDANT.

RODE ON "DOBBY."

Mr George Peel, the last surviving male descendant of the famous huntsman, John Peel, died at Keswick on Sunday in his 89th year. He was the youngest son of Mr Jonathan Peel, the second son of John Peel, and was born at the farm at Ruthwaite, Caldbeck, which his father took over when his father, the John Peel, died. He served his time with his brother, who was a draper at Carlisle, and carried on the business there after his brother died. Then he went to Liverpool to work for Mr Stafford Jackson, veterinary surgeon, and became his head man and served him for thirty years.

13 April
1930





Twelve years ago Mr Peel retired and went to live with Mrs Jones, 5 Catherine Terrace, Keswick. He had enjoyed fairly good health until quite recently, but suffered from deafness. He married Miss Greenup, of Upton-on Howe, Caldbeck, but there were no children of the marriage.

Mr Peel remembers hunting with his illustrious grandfather, and one of his earliest recollections was of his grandfather taking him in front of him hunting on his famous pony Dobby, and of long day hunts.

Mr Peel had all the hunting relics of his famous grandfather, but disposed of them to Lady Baxter, Ashness, and only retained a presentation tray inlaid with mother of pearl given to his grandfather.

It will be remembered that Mr Peel made a spirited retort to the Vicar of Caldbeck when he criticised John Peel, and to the stories of his drunkenness and profligacy about the time of the centenary last October. Unfortunately Mr Peel was not strong enough to attend that centenary, which was celebrated at Caldbeck.



House of Assembly

Hobart. 6th August, 1937.

Wilfred Partington, Esquire
21 Barons Court Road
London, W.14.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of the 25th March last relating to biographical information about the late Honourable William Hodgson, I desire to state that Mr. Hodgson was born in Cumberland, England, in the year 1814, and died at the age of 77 years.

He was a member of the House of Assembly of Tasmania, representing the Electoral District of Sorell from 1862 to 1871, and Member for Richmond from 1872 to 1881. In the latter year he was elected to the Legislative Council as representative of Pembroke and was re-elected in May, 1887 without opposition and held his seat up to the time of his death. He served on the Richmond Municipal Council from 1861 to 1865, being several times Warden. His connection with Tasmania ran through almost the whole of his life, and although no man in the colony was better known, there were few who were able to supply the essential facts for a complete obituary at the time of his death, which was brought about as the result of an accident when returning home from the Sorell sale on Wednesday, 11th March, 1891, he was thrown from his buggy and sustained injuries that resulted in death at half-past Three o'clock the following morning. His public life had been a long and honourable one. Richmond and Sorell had been represented by him in the House of Assembly, and so well were the electors of each of those districts satisfied with the way in which he discharged his duties, that he was a bold man, indeed, who would have the temerity to enter the political arena against him.

Yours faithfully,

Hy McPherson,
Clerk of the House and
Librarian to Parliament.